

# THE McARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

E. A. BRATTON,  
Editor and Proprietor.

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL."—Thomas Jefferson.

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Will practice in Vinton and adjoining coun-  
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Feb. 9, 1852. 341f

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above Work, with Forms complete for  
Justices of the Peace. Every Justice and  
Officer should have one. Call soon, at  
Dearborn's.

## FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the early morning,  
Just at the peep of day,  
Turning the milk in the dairy,  
Turning the coals away—  
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,  
Making the beds up stairs,  
Washing the breakfast dishes,  
Dusting the parlor chairs,  
Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,  
Hunting for eggs at the barn,  
Cleaning the turkeys for dinner,  
Spinning the stocking yarn—  
Spreading the whitening linen,  
Down on the bushes below,  
Ransacking the meadow  
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the "fixings" for Sunday,  
Churning the snowy cream,  
Rising the pails and strainer  
Down in the running stream—  
Feeding the geese and turkeys,  
Making the pumpkin pies,  
Joggling the little one's cradle,  
Driving away the flies.  
Grace in every motion,  
Music in every tone,  
Beauty of form and feature,  
Thousands might covet to own—  
Cheeks that rival spring roses,  
Teeth the whitest of pearls;  
One of these country maids is worth  
A score of your city girls.

## VICTORINE;

—OR—  
THE LITTLE FLOWER VENDER.

A STORY OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON DYNASTY.

### CHAPTER I.

The road which leads from Paris to  
Bagnole, a small village in the De-  
partment of Orne, winds through a  
beautiful country, and is skirted on  
either side by fine gardens and pictu-  
resque scenery. Here vegetation cov-  
ers the fields, left bare and desolate by  
receding winter, with the beautiful ven-  
dure of awakening spring. Here first  
the trees clothe themselves with bloss-  
oms, and bend beneath the weight of  
ripening fruit, destined for the tables of  
Parisian epicures.

On this road, about two miles dis-  
tant from the great metropolis, through  
whose streets the current of human life  
flows on like a mighty river, bearing in  
its bosom the seeds of life and death,  
there stood at the period of which I am  
writing, a little cottage with a small  
garden attached, wherein were care-  
fully cultivated the first spring flowers.  
On either side the porch the honey-  
suckle sprang up, winding itself in and  
out of the trelliswork, of which it was  
composed, making it in the hot days a  
pleasant retreat in which the cooling  
breeze circulated freely.

It was in truth a little paradise, and  
many were the admiring and envious  
eyes that gazed upon it from the  
windows of the dusty diligence which  
rattled by three times a day. Ah! they  
would say, peace and happiness must  
certainly be found here, if anywhere.  
Yet how much are we the slaves of  
circumstances! Happiness is a feeling  
of the heart, and its source is from  
within, and not from without. The  
grandest scenery, the most beautiful  
landscape, cannot restore happiness to  
a heart that is filled with grief and  
anxiety. Do we not find it so?

### CHAPTER II.

In the little cottage which I have  
been describing, Madame Arblay and  
her daughter Victorine, a beautiful  
child of twelve, had lived for five  
years. On the death of her husband,  
a Paris banker, his affairs were found  
to be inextricably involved, and when  
they were finally disentangled and his  
debts paid, but a small pittance was  
found to remain. With this, Madame  
Arblay and her two children, Victor  
and Victorine, withdrew from Paris  
where their scanty means would not  
defray the expenses of living, to the  
little cottage I have described.

With it they hired a small plot of  
two acres, on which Victor, who was  
a stout, active, rosy-cheeked youth of  
sixteen, aided by the judgment and ex-  
perience of friendly gardeners, labored  
zealously. Within this little space he  
contrived to raise a large amount of  
market produce, besides the fruit which  
the trees bore plentifully, and these,  
when sold in the city, enabled the three  
to live very comfortably and happily  
together. But alas! this was not to  
continue.

Two years afterward, and war rung  
its loud summons from one end of  
France to the other. Napoleon was  
in the field, and soldiers were needed.  
Among those who were impressed into  
the service was Victor Arblay. He  
was a youth of impetuous spirit, and  
under other circumstances the call  
would have been welcome. But how  
could he leave his mother and sister?  
What would become of them while he  
was absent, and above all if he never  
returned? But there was no other al-  
ternative. He might indeed find a  
substitute, but he had no money, with  
which alone he could persuade another  
to take his place.

He promised to let his mother and  
sister hear from him often, and hoped  
by sending his pay home, they would  
be enabled to get along comfortably  
until he returned. This was the sec-  
ond great affliction which had fallen

upon Madame Arblay. Scarcely re-  
covered from the loss of her husband,  
she was called upon to part with her  
son. The pain of absence, heavy  
enough in itself, was rendered still more  
burdensome by the uncertainty of re-  
turn.

Perhaps it was fortunate for her that  
this anxiety was counteracted by an-  
other—that of sustaining life by some  
means during her son's absence. The  
wages of a French soldier were but  
small and there was considerable doubt  
whether even these would be safely  
transmitted to her. It was absolutely  
necessary that she should exert herself  
in some manner. It was quite out of  
the question for her to retain the land  
which her son had cultivated so suc-  
cessfully; she could not labor on it her-  
self, and hiring a laborer to do it would  
swallow up all the profits. As I have  
already remarked, there was a small  
garden in front of the house; here flow-  
ers might still be cultivated, and would  
no doubt find a ready sale in Paris.  
Besides this she was expert with her  
needle, and this would afford no slight  
increase to her little income.

The clouds are never so dark but  
what the sun will find its way through  
them.

Madame Arblay lost no time in car-  
rying out her plans. She had been  
taught when young, to embroider, and  
this accomplishment she meant to turn  
to a successful account. When weary  
of this, she employed herself in teach-  
ing Victorine to take care of the flow-  
ers with which the garden was so plen-  
tifully filled. It was a pleasant sight  
to see little Victorine with her apron  
thrown carelessly over her head, and a  
little watering-pot in her hand dispens-  
ing the refreshing liquid to the plants  
almost drooping beneath the glowing  
heat of the warm sun. There were  
many roses of all hues, from pale car-  
nation to deep damask, but among them  
all not one eclipsed the healthful bloom  
that glowed on Victorine's cheek.

While her mother was busy with  
her needle, Victorine would draw up a  
cricketer, and seating herself at her feet,  
learn some simple lesson under her  
direction.

Thus the days flew by, quietly but  
happily. Every three months they re-  
ceived intelligence from Victor, with a  
remittance. As yet he had passed un-  
harmled through the fiery ordeal of war,  
and the shafts that had laid his com-  
rades dead at his feet had spared him.  
He wrote in good spirits. With a sol-  
dier's enthusiasm, he dwelt upon the  
brilliant victories which crowned the  
efforts of Napoleon, who with all his  
ambition, knew how to secure the  
warm personal affection of every sol-  
dier under his command.

### CHAPTER III.

It was in the early part of June—  
that beautiful month in which Nature  
seems clothed in her holiday attire, and  
a thousand birds make the air vocal  
with their songs of gratitude to Him  
who has bestowed upon them life and  
the capacity to enjoy it. Who could  
help being happy at such a season as  
this?

"Mid the waving of the trees,  
And the singing of the bees  
In the distant quiet woodland,  
Where the wondrous steps of childhood  
Seek in summer's sultry hours,  
Cooling shades beneath the bowers,  
Formed in arches wild and grand  
By the God of nature's hand."

Madame Arblay and her daughter,  
despite these charms which external  
nature so lavishly scattered around them  
were not happy. A month had elapsed  
beyond the usual time of hearing from  
Victor, and yet no letter. Perhaps he  
might be wounded—dying, or— heaven  
avert the terrible fate—already dead!  
It was at this time that Napoleon, urged  
on by uncontrollable impulse, had  
sought to make a conquest of Russia.  
But snow, and ice, and cold, the natu-  
ral ramparts wherewith it was enclosed,  
had produced an effect upon the French  
army which human arms had failed to  
accomplish. Sickness superinduced  
by the climate, added to the exhausting  
effect of forced marches, had terribly  
diminished their numbers and tamed  
their courage. The result of this cam-  
paign is so well known that I will not  
dilate upon it here.

It is enough to say that Madame  
Arblay had sufficient reason to dread  
that she had looked her last upon Vic-  
tor.

Connected with this she had another  
source of anxiety. By means of  
her son's remittance, which had never  
failed her, until now, she had been en-  
abled, aided by her own efforts, to sus-  
tain herself and Victorine. But now  
that the former source of income was  
cut off, at least temporarily, she found  
herself reduced to great difficulties.  
Moreover, as an old proverb says with  
too much truth, "Victorine never com-  
es singly." The goodness with  
which she had labored to be employ-  
ed had seriously injured her health.  
The time which she had long spent  
at last arrived, when the mother re-  
solved to give it up altogether or sacri-  
fice her sight. Of course she could  
not hesitate. Terrible as her situation

must be, if she should give up this  
profitable occupation, it would be even  
more terrible—more utterly helpless—  
should she become blind. Some other  
means of assistance must be devised,  
that was certain.

As it was now the season of flowers,  
Madame Arblay was in the habit of  
dispatching Victorine every morning  
to Paris with bouquets, tastefully sel-  
ected from their little garden, to sell to  
such as might choose to buy.

"Victorine," said her mother one eve-  
ning, "have you gathered your flowers  
as usual, to carry to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, mamma, and they are the very  
last; it will be some days before any  
more are blown sufficient to make a  
bouquet."

"And how many bouquets have you?"

"Six, mamma; and these at six sous  
will bring me thirty-six sous."

"Only thirty-six sous," said Madame  
Arblay anxiously, "and all the money  
I have in the house is five francs. It  
will scarcely support us a week, and  
for the rent which is due to-day, heav-  
en only knows where I shall find means  
to discharge that."

At this moment a loud knock was  
heard at the door of the cottage, and  
Madame Arblay rose to admit the vis-  
itor.

### CHAPTER IV.

M. Paul Buffet, the landlord of Mad-  
ame Arblay, was a little, dried up Pa-  
ris notary—one of that numerous class  
of persons to whom money is all in all  
—the great object of life. He was  
never known to give one sou away in  
charity. The beggar at the crossing  
never troubled M. Buffet with his im-  
portunate solicitations. One look at  
the dry passionless face of the notary  
would drive away such a thought.  
Had he asked alms of him he would  
have received a rude repulse. He was  
too devoid of feeling to give anything.  
Had the beggar asked alms of him, he  
would have answered his request with:  
"My friend, you look well and ap-  
pear much stronger than I am. I work  
as you must."

"But, sir, I can't find any. Besides  
I have a wife and children, I beseech  
you, good sir, give one sou, if noth-  
ing more."

"Really, my good friend, I must de-  
cline your proposal. Of course I do  
not doubt your word, and if, as you  
say, you find no one to employ you, I  
would recommend you to seek admit-  
tance to the Maison de Pauvres, I un-  
derstand they have good accommoda-  
tions there; really shouldn't have any  
objections to going there myself. Good  
day, Monsieur."

And M. Paul would bow very cere-  
moniously, and depart with a satisfied  
air, as if he had done the most chari-  
table act in the world.

From such a man Madame Arblay  
had little to hope and much to fear.  
We would not be unjust to M. Paul.  
We do not deny that he might have a  
heart—but if he had, he treated it as  
he did his treasures, keeping it under  
lock and key. He might very properly  
have placed over it the following  
motto:

"No admittance except on business,"  
or more appropriately still, "positively  
no admittance."

But all this time we have kept M.  
Buffet knocking at the door. It is  
quite unparadiseable.

"I trust you are well, Madame," was  
the first salutation; "and your amiable  
child, I trust she is as fresh and bloom-  
ing as usual."

"Quite well, monsieur, that is to say  
we are not ill."

"Ah! I can easily believe it. Who  
would not be well in this little paradise?  
I must call it so if it is mine. Ah!  
Madame, you are very fortunate in ob-  
taining it for four hundred francs per  
annum. I trust you will believe that  
to any one else I should have charged  
five hundred at the least."

Madame Arblay did not believe it,  
but she did not say so.

"But what would one hundred francs  
additional to the pleasure I have in  
accommodating such tenants as your-  
self and your amiable daughter?"

M. Buffet rubbed his hands in an  
ecstasy of benevolence.

"I am happy," said Madame Arblay,  
"to find you so charitably disposed.  
I do not in the least doubt the extent  
of your benevolence." (The reader  
will pardon this slight deviation from  
the truth on the part of Madame Ar-  
blay, who, it will be remembered, had  
a point to gain.) "And I am the more  
glad to be assured of it from your own  
lips, as I shall unfortunately be obliged  
to put it to the test. I regret that, owing  
to unavoidable circumstances, I am  
not prepared with my rent as usual."

"How, Madame?" said M. Paul, tak-  
ing suddenly aback.

"It is as I have said," replied the  
widow; "my poor Victor, from whom I  
was wont to receive the remittance  
which satisfied your demand, has not  
written as usual. I know not what  
has become of him; he may be dead.  
But I will hope not."

"But you can at least pay a part of  
the demand?"

"Alas! Monsieur, that is not our only  
misfortune; my eyes which until now  
have served me faithfully, are failing,  
and I cannot work longer on embroi-

ery; I regret to say that I have nothing  
for you."

"And have you no hope—no expecta-  
tion of being able to pay me?"

"Yes, if I hear from Victor, other-  
wise not."

"I regret it for your sake, Madame,  
under these circumstances you will see  
the justice of vacating these apartments  
to-morrow."

"Oh, sir, you will not be so cruel;  
consider where can I go? What will  
become of me and my poor child?"

"I regret it as much as yourself. Do  
I not lose one hundred francs? Mad-  
ame, I am as much to be pitied as your-  
self."

It was a desperate chance, and Mad-  
ame Arblay felt it to be so. But what  
alternative had she. It is an almost  
hopeless task to obtain water from the  
solid rock, yet if all other sources are  
dried up.

"Monsieur, in two days dispatches  
are expected from the army. There  
may be something from Victor. Al-  
low us to remain until then, and per-  
haps I shall be enabled to pay you all."

M. Paul caught at this suggestion,  
and after balancing its probability in  
his mind for a moment, finally decided  
that it would be most politic, as this  
was the only chance of obtaining the  
amount due, to grant the request.

"Ah, Madame Arblay," said he,  
twisting his dried up features into what  
was meant to be a smile, "see what it  
is to have a soft heart. I place no  
faith in your hopes, and yet so much  
do I pity you and your amiable daugh-  
ter, that I cannot refuse you, though by  
that means I am liable of losing the  
rent for these two days in addition  
to the present arrears."

Mr. Buffet looked as if he expected  
to be thanked for this wonderful stretch  
of magnanimity, and Madame Arblay  
thought it best to acquiesce in his eulo-  
gy upon himself.

"In case, Madame," continued the  
disinterested visitor, "in case, as I deem  
most probable, you should be disap-  
pointed in your expectations, you will  
of course make no difficulty in with-  
drawing at once. Day after to-mor-  
row at this hour I will be with you."  
M. Paul bowed and withdrew.

It was with a serious foreboding that  
Madame Arblay sat down to consider  
on how slender hung her hopes of hap-  
piness—of life itself; for how could  
she live without food, and the dark fu-  
ture gave not the slightest hope of any  
employment such as might secure food  
for herself and Victorine.

Wearied with thoughts which yield-  
ed not satisfaction, she was soon over-  
come by that heavy slumber which  
comes only to the weary and exhaust-  
ed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]  
**The Vote of Ohio at the Recent  
Election—Comparison With Other  
Years—Facts for Democrats.**

Upon our first page will be found the  
official vote of Ohio on Governor and  
Lieutenant Governor as returned by  
counties to the officer of the Secretary of  
State, at Columbus. It is taken from  
the State Journal, and may be relied  
upon as strictly correct. In giving it  
to our subscribers for preservation, we  
propose to compare it with the results  
of elections in former years, and make  
such remarks as the comparison sug-  
gests. In 1852, at the State election  
in October, for Supreme Court Judge,  
the vote stood as follows:

Caldwell, Democrat.....147,936  
Haynes, Whig.....130,307  
Sutcliffe, Abolitionist.....22,524

It will be seen that had there been a  
"fusion" of the opposition, such as ex-  
isted this year, Caldwell would have  
been beaten in 1852 about five thousand  
votes. The whole vote of the State was  
three hundred and ten thousand. In  
November, 1852, the Presidential elec-  
tion took place. The total vote was  
forty thousand more than it had been  
the month previous, and divided as fol-  
lows among the candidates:

Pierce, Democrat.....169,220  
Scott, Whig.....152,526  
Hele, Abolitionist.....31,652

Although Pierce beat Scott sixteen  
thousand votes, yet had there been a  
fusion, such as existed this year, he  
would have lost the State by fifteen  
thousand. In 1853 the vote stood for  
Governor:

Medill, Democrat.....147,663  
Barre, Whig.....55,820  
Lewis, Abolitionist.....50,346

The whole vote of the State was very  
small—only two hundred and eighty-  
two thousand. The Whigs, despairing  
of success, and dispirited by their Presi-  
dential defeat, made no effort, and the  
consequence was Medill had about  
eleven thousand more votes than both  
his competitors combined. This was  
owing, we repeat, to the diminution of  
the Whig vote, and not to any increase  
in the Democratic. In 1854, the "fusion"  
of the Whigs and Abolitionists took  
place in Ohio. The public mind was  
crazy about Abolitionism and Know  
Nothingism, and upon the excitement  
the opposition carried the State by an  
altogether unprecedented vote. It stood  
thus on Supreme Court Judge:

Norris, Democrat.....109,075  
Swan, Fusionist.....156,498

The whole vote was two hundred and  
ninety-six thousand, and Swan's majority  
was seventy thousand. But eleven  
counties to the State of the eighty-nine  
gave Democratic majorities, and they  
were all very small. The opposition

loudly boasted that the Democrats were  
"crushed out" and annihilated by Ohio,  
and could never make another rally.—  
The Fusionists, in July, 1855, made a  
complete union upon a State ticket,  
with exception of the office of Govern-  
or, and even upon him the division  
was by no means formidable. They  
were perfectly organized all over the  
State, and, encouraged by their great vic-  
tory of 1854, were in the best of spirits.  
The Democracy on the other hand, were  
demoralized by the desertion of many of  
their most trusted leaders to the Know  
Nothings and to the Abolitionists; the  
issues in the campaign were not aboli-  
tion and strictly defined as they should  
have been by the Democratic State Con-  
vention, and the State ticket had  
upon it two or three names by no means  
popular with the Democratic masses,  
and in whose behalf it was impossible  
to draw out a full vote. Under these  
circumstances the election came on, with  
the following result for Governor:

Chase, Abolitionist.....146,611  
Medill, Democrat.....131,091  
Trimble, Whig.....24,310

Chase, although he had fifteen thou-  
sand plurality over Medill, is in minor-  
ity on the popular vote about nine thou-  
sand. The vote of the State is quite  
small, the increase over last year only  
being about six or seven thousand, while  
it is fifty thousand short of that cast  
at the last Presidential election. O.  
Lieutenant Governor the vote stands  
thus:

Ford, Fusionist.....169,479  
Myers, Democrat.....133,455

Ford's majority.....35,951  
The net Democratic gain since last  
year is, therefore forty-one thousand.—  
The Democratic vote which was only  
one hundred and nine thousand in 1851,  
has increased to one hundred and thirty-  
three thousand in 1855 while the Fu-  
sion vote has fallen off from one hun-  
dred and eighty-six thousand to one  
hundred sixty-nine thousand. Our vote  
is only fourteen thousand less than it  
was in 1853, when Medill was elected  
by eleven thousand majority over all.  
This shows that an inconsiderable num-  
ber of our men have deserted to the  
enemy, and that our organization retains  
nine-tenths of its original strength.—  
The fact that our vote should have in-  
creased twenty-four thousand within the  
past year, and the Fusionists' dimi-  
nished seventeen thousand, is a most grati-  
fying indication of the healthy reaction in  
public sentiment which has been and  
is still going on.

Twenty-two counties gave Democrat-  
ic majority for Myers over Ford, eleven  
being redeemed since last year; inclu-  
ded in the latter being some of the most  
important in the State, such as Hamil-  
ton, Montgomery, Fairfield and Wayne.  
Thirty-one counties now give Medill  
majorities over Chase. Thirty-two  
counties have been carried by the Fu-  
sionists by meager majorities of from  
one to less than five hundred each.—  
The most of these latter will, next year,  
be found "right side up," with Demo-  
cratic majorities. Wherever anything  
like a full vote was polled this year  
and contest made—such, for instance,  
as in the counties of Hamilton, Frank-  
lin and Montgomery—the result was a  
substantial Democratic triumph. On the  
contrary, the enemy obtained his major-  
ity in those regions of the State where  
only about two-thirds of the election  
came to the polls. The entire Fusion  
only equals what Pierce, Democrat, re-  
ceived for President in 1852, and there  
is no doubt that, so perfect was their  
organization, nearly all their electors  
were brought out. Even should the  
"fusion" combine on President next year,  
which we hold to be an improbable  
event, we believe Ohio can be carried  
easily by the Democracy. The most of  
those persons who voted for Trimble  
this year will cast their suffrages for a  
Democratic National President, rather  
than see an Abolitionist or Fusionist  
succeed, and that alone will give us the  
State.

Upon a calm survey of the canvass,  
all must admit that, for the Democracy  
of Ohio to increase their vote twenty-  
four thousand in one year, and diminish  
that of the enemy seventeen thousand  
in the same length of time, making a  
Democratic gain of forty-one thousand,  
was, under the circumstances, doing as  
well as we could reasonably expect.—  
Our principles are right—our cause is  
onward; and it will but a brief pe-  
riod before the Democrat flag will once  
more float triumph over the Buckeye  
State. To succeed, we have only to  
plant our selves firmly upon the Demo-  
cratic platform—make no concessions  
or compromises whatever with the ene-  
mies of any of its fundamental articles,  
but boldly take issue with them upon  
every point, and especially upon the  
great questions of the day, which vital